With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.

*Du.* Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your ſon in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

*Bra.* Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

*Oth.* My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

*Rod. Iago.* *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

*Iag.* What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I doe thinkſt thou?

*Iag.* Why goe to bed and ſleepe,

*Rod.* I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

*Iag.* Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.

*Rod.* It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.

*Iag.* O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

*Rod.* What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

*Iag.* Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of herbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-



ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of rea
ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our
vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But
our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our
I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, o

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iag* It is meerely a luſt of the blood, and
Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drow
pies: I profeſſe me thy friend, and I confe
uing, with cables of perdurable toughneſ
ſteede thee then now. Put money in thy pu
defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard;
purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould
vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purſe,
was a violent commencement, and thou ſ
queſtration: put but money in thy purſe.—
geable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with
him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be
Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth
his body, ſhee will finde the error of her
change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money i
needs damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delic
make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctim
twixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a ſuper-ſubtle
for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou
make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cle
thou rather to be hang'd in compaſsing thy
and goe without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if
*Iag.* Thou art ſure of me—goe, make
often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I
is hearted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let v
uenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold
pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many euen
which will be deliuered. Trauerſe, goe, p
haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

*Rod,* Where ſhall we meet i'th mornin

*Iag.* At my lodging.